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California
Nature's Paradise

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BERTHA J. CLEMANS

Author of

"The Guiding Star of the East"

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Dedicated to
MY MOTHER

JUST THIS IS CALIFORNIA

O land where nature gives her best,
My happy homeland in the West,
Where roses blossom rich and rare
With colorings so pure and fair,
And perfume sweeter than elsewhere—
Just this is California.

The land of romance, song and flowers,
Of hills and vales and shady bowers,
Where skies are clearer and more blue,
And birds sing sweeter songs for you,
And friendships grow more fond and true—
Just this is California.

A land where golden dreams come true,
Fulfilment of the hopes you knew,
Where balmy breezes softly blow,
And golden poppies gleam and glow,
A foretaste here of Heaven we know—
Just this is California.

WAVES OF THE PACIFIC

O the waves of old Pacific,
See them roll upon our strand,
Listen to the song they're singing
As they dash upon the sand;
'Tis the song of Western waters
Of our sea so calm and blue,
They are whisp'ring, whisp'ring softly,
Their wave secrets now to you.

O the waves of old Pacific,
How they lull at eventide:
When the day at last has faded
And the stars no longer hide:
It is then the rushing breakers
In sweet rhythm ever roll,
O starlit old Pacific,
California is thy goal.

O the waves of old Pacific,
Tales of wonder you might tell,
'Neath your crest where scenic gardens
Still abound in moss and shell:
In gay fairy caves of coral
Siren singers fair abide;
'Tis their song you sweetly echo
With your ever rolling tide.

O the waves of old Pacific,
From the Orient far away,
With your ceaseless song you've traveled,
Rolling on from day to day:
You have gently kissed in passing
Island gems of which we boast,
Bade them farewell; bounding onward,
To our California coast.

O the waves of old Pacific,
Emerald sea, so clear and calm,
With melodious rhythm rippling
On our shores with cooling balm,
While embracing spray caresses,
As the swelling tide rolls higher,
On the borders of our homeland—
Land of joy and heart's desire.

YOSEMITE

A wonderland of beauty,
And a garden of delight,
Where the mountains in their grandeur
Lift their peaks of lofty height;
Like the walls of old Cathedrals,
In majesty they rise,
As meeting dome of turquoise blue
In Western sunny skies.

Far below the nestling valley,
In verdure cool is seen,
Nature's corridor where worshipers
Pay homage to the scene:
Here threads the silver river,
An ever flowing fount,
Fed by the crystal waterfall
From granite spiral mount.

Bright rays of golden sunbeams
Come shimmering through the pines,
And cast fantastic shadows
O'er the festoons of woodbines;
While boulders glint and glisten,
Sacred altar fires alight,
Sending forth their silent blessings
In gleams of radiance bright.

A fairy land where wooded trails
O'erhung with moss and fern,
Lead onward, winding here and there,
Enchantments to discern;
Where the dewy brakeferns cluster
About the moss-grown aisle,
While arches quaint are garlanded
With soft fronds that beguile.

And oh, the singing of the pines,
With cadence sweet and low,
And the murmuring of waters
As winding on they flow;
The melody and rhythm
Of that ever ceaseless stream
Like notes of magic music
We sometimes hear in dream;
And listening we fancy
That the Heavenly choir we hear,
As those strains of Nature-music
Are wafted ever near.

It is here the Master-builder
Has wrought with perfect care,
In majesty and splendor,
And with beauty, rich and rare;
Nature's paradise—Yosemite—
Earth's haven so blest,
The pride of California,
The Eden of the West!

POPPIES

On Western plains and Western hills,
Where golden poppies grow,
A living sea of waving rills,
Alight with radiant glow.

The Golden West is thy native home,
'Tis here you reign supreme,
In fields or plains, where'er you roam—
California's own flower queen.

Your sunkissed petals and soft fern leaves,
Are dancing with delight,
As cooling breeze from Western seas
Ever wave your blossoms bright.

There's subtle charm in your cup of gold,
Alluring mystic balm,
The key to land of dreams you hold,
To oblivion sweet and calm.

MARINER'S SONG TO THE GOLDEN GATE

O the Golden Gate is a haven sweet,
To mariners bold, a safe retreat;
And they sing a song,
As they roll along,
T'ward the portals of the Golden Gate.

The billows may roll and the high seas sweep,
The wind may moan, and the storm clouds weep,
Though the boat rides high,
Just beyond so nigh—
Lies the harbor of the Golden Gate.

See the rock and shoals as they cut the spray,
As the wild waves dash ever on their way;
Hear the sea gulls cry,
Overhead so nigh,
Sailing on toward the Golden Gate.

O the Western Sea, famous Golden Gate,
With portals ajar to the Golden State.
'Tis a welcome true,
That we give to you—
As we sail through your Golden Gate.

ON THE OLD, OLD TRAIL

Out on the trail, on the old mountain trail,
With its well beaten path that leads from the vale,
Narrow and rocky, sometimes rough and steep
As winding by precipice dark and deep,
And by walls that lift to a dizzy height,
Appalling in massive grandeur and might;
Away in this beautiful spot exiled,
Nature is robed in her garments wild.
'Tis a wonderful scene, with ever a change
As we travel on up the mountain range,
Past sister peaks that about us rise
Meeting the dome of the clear blue skies.
These Western mountains, they have no peer;
A marvel of beauty, we view them here,
From the old, old trail of the mountain side
Where Nature's vista is broad and wide.

Out on the trail, on the old mountain trail,
Above where hangs the soft purple veil,
That covers the world with its folds of maze,
With its indistinct mantle of purple haze,
Away in this clarified region serene,
Following on in this magic scene,
To the summit, where grow the spruce and pine,
To the goal at last, to the end of the line—
The line of the old, old mountain trail,
The trail high above the soft purple veil.

A MEMORY OF THE DESERT

I stood in the vastness of that strange land,
With its wide expanse of glistening sand
Shining like snow in the soft silver light,
In the silence, the silence of the night.

And there about in fantastic array,
Yuccas—all gnarled and twisted and gray;
Some there were pointing with long ghostly arm,
Like evil dream-spectres that haunt and alarm.

So enthralling and weird the scene did seem—
Like a strange vision in fanciful dream—
Spellbound I stood in that stillness intense,
In that far-reaching, wayside land immense;
While wafted on in the ozone so fair,
Pungent sage-brush permeated the air.

O the wild beauty, the thrill of delight,
With the silver lamps of Heaven alight!
In reverence I bared my head in that land,
Made waste and wild by God's infinite hand.

MY CALIFORNIA GARDEN

I've a beautiful garden, a rose garden rare,
Where grow the sweet blossoms, the blossoms so fair,
There are white ones, and red ones, and yellow ones too,
And glorious pink ones all flecked with the dew;
But the sweetest of all of the blossoms I know,
Are the little pink rose buds that daintily grow
In my beautiful garden, my garden so rare,
With its glorious blossoms, its blossoms so fair.

In my beautiful garden 'neath shady palm trees,
Where the carpet of blue grass waves soft in the breeze,
And where violets nestle so close at my feet,
As they mingle their perfume with other flowers sweet;
It is here that the climbers and ramblers abound,
And the lovely bride roses with blushes are found;
But the sweet Cecile Bruners are fairest of all
Of the many sweet blossoms that grow by the wall.

There's an orange tree that grows in my garden so fair,
Hung with little gold lanterns of nectar so rare,
And pure waxen blossoms like stars shining bright,
As exhaling their fragrance of perfect delight;
By the pathway beyond chrysanthemums grow—
Gold and purple, and white, side by side in a row;
But the dearest flower friends in my garden I greet
Are the dainty pink buds, Cecile Bruners so sweet.

THE MOCKING BIRD

There's a mocking bird that sings to me,
Up in that old eucalyptus tree,
He sings the very merriest lay—
And knows not a care the whole long day.

In the early dawn his voice I hear,
As cooing so gently to his dear;
The tender warblings sweet and low,
Are meant for his little mate, I know.

With a lilting note so clear and light,
He sings in the balmy Summer's night;
While the happy echoes float to me,
He carols away so joyfully.

When I sing, he sings, this feathered witch,
And whistles so well I know not which
It may happen to be, bird or child,
This gay little imitator wild.

How he flits with dainty wings out-spread,
With mischief in every quirk of his head;
While he winks his saucy eyes so bright,
And chirrups away from sheer delight.

To your loving mate, loyal are you—
O little song-bird of brownish hue;
While you guard with zealous eye and care,
The cradle nest of your birdlings there.

O the anthem sweet of melody,
Up there in that old California tree—
By the feathered choir of songsters fair,
The mocking-birds' lilting sweet and rare.

SUNSET

Floating away where the rifting is high
On banks of sea foam in the turquoise sky,
Sapphire and gold, 'midst the emerald and blue,
With bright shimmering lights of deep rosy hue,
While glints of yellow with glimmering sheen,
Are flecked with tintings of violet and green;
There in lucent softness filtering through
The crystal light to the dome of blue.
Below the shades deepen in brilliance bold,
As darkens the glow of the burnished gold;
Its splendor dazzles, its beauty thrills,
As the waves of glory with rippling rills
Are wooed by the Sun's enchantment bright,
In happy abandonment to delight.
Iridescent glory, splendor supreme,
This marvelous vision, this heavenly scene:
There silently floating, floating away
This vista of beauty at close of day—
Bidding farewell to the purple and gold,
While night's silver shadows gently unfold.

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